

sults, and all the while her face was as shining as her finished work.

"Do you like them, Alice?" I asked.

"No, I hate them," she replied emphatically.

"What makes you smile so over them, then?" I asked, curiously.

"Because they're 'character pots,'" the child replied at once.

"What," I enquired, thinking I had misunderstood.

"'Character pots,' Miss. You see, I used to only half clean them. I often cried over them, but Miss Mary told me as how if I made them real shiny, they'd help to build my character. And, ever since then, I've tried hard, Miss; and oh, it's been so much easier since I've knowned they was 'character pots.'"

I said a word or two of encouragement, and went on my way, knowing that I had been rubbing up against a real heroine. Everyday life is brim full of disagreeable duties. Why not turn them every one into "character pots?"—East and West.

### A CANNIBAL SOLDIER NOW A PREACHER.

Royal J. Dye, a medical missionary of the Disciple foreign board, at work in the Kongo Free State, relates a story of conversion which is worthy to be bound up with the most brilliant chapters of "modern miracles" in non-Christian lands. Bonjolongo, the head of an important family in one of the most blood-thirsty of the Kongo tribes, served seven years in the native troops of King Leopold, to whom are to be credited the "Kongo atrocities" that have horrified the civilized world.

Participant in many of the "punitive raids" ordered by Leopold's officials against towns that did not pay the tax, Bonjolongo was especially prominent as a leader in the expedition against the village of Isaka, because the people there were hereditary foes of his own tribe. The raid on that town gave him oppor-

tunity to execute a vengeance, that he had been taught to cherish from childhood. He feasted gluttonously off the bodies of his dead enemies after Isaka had been destroyed.

When Bonjolongo had served his time in the military levy, he returned to his own village, and there for the first time heard the message of Jesus Christ, preached in Injolo by itinerants from Dr. Dye's station at Bolenge. Curiosity led him to visit Bolenge. When he found that he could not tempt away the native Christians there to take up the old heathen practices again, he was so impressed that he paid more and more heed to the gospel and finally with his whole heart accepted it.

Returning forthwith to his home town, he amazed his neighbors by freeing his slaves, renouncing his plural wives and redeeming at great cost the little daughter whom he had sold to be the slave wife of a chief—sacrifices that wiped out his wealth. Then he preached to his fellow-villagers so earnestly that a great number of them embraced the faith and joined him in building a chapel.

But Bonjolongo was not satisfied to preach to his friends; he wished to preach to his enemies—the people of Isaka. He was for several months dissuaded by those who told him he would certainly be killed, but at length he said: "Let that be as it may, I must go." Approaching the village unarmed, he was immediately recognized and surrounded by a howling mob. Only the unmoved composure of the man and his protestations of love for them held the mob from instantly despatching him. Finally they let him tell them of Christ.

The recital did not wholly appease the rage of his foes, and at length he was obliged to run for his life. Nevertheless he returned again and again to the village, and was finally rewarded by the conversion of several men who, like himself, immediately turned evangelists.—The Interior.

## Our Wee Little Ones

### DREADS THE WASTE BASKET.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl, ten years old. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Miss Jessie Smith, and I like her fine. I have a sister and two brothers. I love to go to Sunday school. My father and mother are Presbyterians. I must close for fear of the waste basket.

Your friend,  
Duke, N. C. Ellen Harrington.

### LIKES TO READ THE LETTERS.

Dear Presbyterian: As I have never written to you before I will write now. I am a little girl of eleven years. I sure do love to read the children's letters. I go to Sunday-school and church at Warrenton. Our pastor is Rev. H. C. Fennel. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Nina Wilson. I have four sisters and one brother. Please put my letter in print.

Your unknown friend,  
Lillian Ferguson.  
Abbeville, S. C.

### LOST HOURS.

"I say good-night and go up stairs,  
And then undress and say my prayers  
Beside my bed, and then jump in it,  
And then—the very nextest minute

"The morning sun comes up to peep  
At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep;  
But seems to me," said little Ted,  
"It's not worth while to go to bed."

### TASKS FOR EACH.

By Harold Farrington.

Each little bud opens into the flower,  
Each little minute aids to make up the hour,  
Each little raindrop on a mission is sent,  
Each little breeze is for some good intent,  
So thus learn the lesson this teaches to you,  
There's a work—though you're little—that each one can do!

### "TANFOOT."

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl six years old, and as I can not write will get mamma to write for me. I have a little dog one and a half years old named "Tanfoot"; also a little calf. My Daddy has a little calf and colt. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I am well enough. My teacher is Miss Eva McCauley.

Your little friend,  
Sarah Belle Patterson.  
Crimora, Va.

### GOES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy two years old. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and Church. Our pastor is Rev. C. D. Gilkerson. My Sunday-school teacher is Mr. C. B. Welton, he is superintendent. I have a brother who is nearly seven years older than I am. Please print this note.

Yours truly,  
Vance Gilkerson.  
Moorefield, W. Va.